Beware the Wolf

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/17556128.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Hannibal (TV), Hannibal Lecter Series - All Media Types
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham, Benny, Bedelia Du Maurier
Additional Tags:	Post-Episode: s03e13 The Wrath of the Lamb, Post-Fall (Hannibal), Continuation of Part 1, Reunion, Emotional Hurt/Comfort, Hurt/Comfort, Light Masochism, Light Sadism, Smut, Domesticity, Manipulation, dark!Will, Hannibal is Hannibal
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of Lost & Found
Stats:	Published: 2019-01-26 Words: 2,226 Chapters: 1/1

Beware the Wolf

by Theyumenoinu

Summary

[A short continuation of Part 1: The Lost Lamb. An in-between piece of part 1 and part 2]

Will can run from many things in his life, but never his feelings about Hannibal.

He comes to terms with that.

Notes

Disclaimer: I do not own Hannibal.

Beware the Wolf

Dawn breaks over the horizon, painting the sky in relief of color. Its rays piercing through the remnants of storm clouds they battled in the remaining hours of the night, while the sea gentles beneath them, seemingly spent.

A heaviness settles in his bones, and pain claws beneath his ribs. The cough rattling him as Will sluggishly abandons the helm, shuffling towards the cabin near the bow. Allowed a moment to admire the fragments of light dancing upon the water before his stomach sinks in residual remorse for what is left in his wake.

"You're grieving, Will. Not for the life you have taken, but for the life that was taken from you."

With a sigh, Will peers inside the cabin to the reclined, slumbering form of Hannibal. Gradually recovering from Will's mediocre surgical procedure; though Will supposes, his condition could be far worse, and Hannibal would do well to remember it.

"I could kill you, right now," Will remarks offhandedly, parting the connecting tissue of the spleen with the tip of the blade. "Be free of you."

*"You could," Hannibal feebly agrees, the skin at his brow pinching in scarcely bridled pain. "But would you truly be free from me?" His breath hitches. "Would your…*mind*…release you from the chains between us?"*

A flare of irritation at Hannibal's insight tints his vision a pale shade of red. "Would yours?"

Hannibal's eyelids droop. His respires now raspy and shallow. "No."

Strands of hair tickle his skin as the wind abruptly changes course. Filling the sails and propelling the boat forward to ride parallel to the sun.

Digging the burner phone free from his pocket, Will dials the number from memory. Certain, by now, she's returned to the once relative safety of home. A lump forming at the base of his throat in anticipation of her voice until the rings cut off.

"Hello?" she asks, tentatively.

"Molly," he returns by way of greeting. His legs giving out from the weight of his guilt, forcing him to perch precariously on the landing; reaching to grip the handrail for grounding.

A gasp, followed by the sound of rustling fabric as she shifts. The hushed voice in the background filtering through, informing Will of her current situation.

"Tell Jack not to bother tracing the call. I won't be on for long," Will says tonelessly, keenly aware he's been placed on speakerphone.

"Will," she starts, guttural. "What are you doing? Where are you?"

He swallows thickly. Attempting to disregard the flooding concern and undeserved thread of hope seeping beneath his skin, offering him warmth.

"I used you," he admits at long last. Recalling nights spent in Wolf Trap under the guise of FBI business, and the days loitering the old haunts of his and Hannibal's past. "Find someone else to love you and Wally. Forget about me."

"What—" A choked noise. "What are you saying?" She pauses, and Will senses her mind clutching desperately at possible reasons for this unforeseen heartbreak. "Is he making you do this?"

"I've never been forced to do anything," Will confesses, allowing Jack to fully appreciate the honesty of his own words. "Except for being something I wasn't."

"Will—"

"Please make sure the dogs go to good homes. And tell Wally...," he scrunches his eyes shut at the image of the child's despaired face, "to be a better man."

Terminating the call, Will stares absently at the screen. Permitting himself a silent farewell before removing the gold band from his finger, and tossing the last connections to his faux life overboard.

Molly and Wally forever lost to the sea.

"Tell me, Will," Hannibal's voice suddenly feathers into his ear, as gentle as the morning breeze. His footsteps halting inches shy of his backside. "Have your forts maintained their strength since the time of our first meeting? Or have they crumbled beneath the pressures of truth in the pursuance of family?"

Will doesn't turn. "Leave them out of this."

"If that is your wish."

"Just like that?" Will asks with a scoff, hardly fooled.

Hannibal grunts softly as he seats himself beside Will. Slowly, so as not to place strain on the stitching.

"Their usefulness in your life has been exhausted." Hannibal looks on to the sunrise. The glow chasing away the shadows upon his face. "That chapter is completed. I have no desire to include them further."

"They're not a bookmark you left on a page, Hannibal," he chastises, though can hardly refute. "I'm not the same as I was before them. They showed me what I could be—" He amends, "What I *should* be."

Hannibal sniffs in typical fashion of concealing jealously.

"They would have destroyed you. Corroded you over time until you became nothing more than a hollow fraction of yourself." Hannibal tilts his head a degree to rest his probing gaze upon him. "You would not have returned to me had you believed otherwise."

Will, for lack of a better argument, unsteadily rises to his feet and stalks over to the mast. Adjusting the sail one-handed to correct course, and not at all dodging Hannibal's acute perceptions—or so he tells himself. The clicking of claws drawing his attention back, only to feel a sting of betrayal when Benny limps to Hannibal's side instead; still grateful for the hands which healed her.

Hannibal obliges her gratitude, petting the matted fur with purposeful tenderness. Gracing Will with a picture of innocence, one which Will cannot deny to be genuine.

"Where's Chiyoh?" Will deliberately switches topics, growing weary of psychological dissections. "Why help in our escape when she didn't plan to join us?"

A flash of something indistinguishable alights the darkness in Hannibal's eyes, causing Will to freeze in his unnecessary duties.

"She is currently observing, not participating," he says, as though it were explanation enough. Continuing to indulge Benny without care to the grime trapped in her fur.

Will doesn't follow but doesn't press for more. Lost to the enigmatic workings of Hannibal and Chiyoh's relationship, and where he stands. His curiosity left dissatisfied with the secrets Chiyoh loyally safeguards.

With the sail in place, Will lumbers back to Hannibal—and quickly grasps hold of the handrail as another powerful cough tears forth. The pain building in his chest and head reaching a crescendo, forcing him to double over and heave through an onslaught of violent hacking.

Pressure at his arms keeps him supported as he's blindly guided down the stairs into the cabin. The steady grip leading him to the unoccupied bed, maneuvering him until he's remotely comfortable upon it. Distressed whines from Benny filling the cramped space when she's unable to follow after them.

"You are remarkably strong, my dear Will," he says sincerely, then turns to limp about the cabin, gathering medical supplies. "Adrenaline may give men the strength to move mountains, but the magnitude of the sea is unyielding."

Will battles the siren call of unconsciousness, tugging him downwards towards a familiar abyss. Managing to slit open his eyes when Hannibal returns to his side. The bleary human form looming over him a surprise versus the antlered creature whose company he's come to expect.

Another forceful cough steals him of breath, prompting Hannibal to offer comfort with a warm hand against his forehead.

"Rest now," comes the gentle command. "I will watch over you."

Will wheezes a laugh. "Not very reassuring."

His cognizance begins to slip at the responding chuckle. "Perhaps not."

~*~

He wakes an undetermined amount of time later to a feathery caress along his profile. The fingers trembling, wishing to indulge—*to ravage*—but maintain their restraint.

Will remains motionless, so as not to disturb the delicate moment. A war commencing within at this odd gentleness juxtaposed to the blade which once sliced above his navel, and the bone cutter splitting his head. The fog in his mind clearing enough to empathize that this

facet of Hannibal had been locked away for a special occasion. Only meant to be cherished by a specific person to whom this part of himself deemed worthy.

"Is Hannibal in love with me?"

"Yes."

Fingertips trace along his bottom lip, worshiping their shape and texture.

*"But do you…*ache*…for him?"*

Will blindly snatches Hannibal's wrist, digging nails into the fragile flesh to stall any further ministrations. A soft gasp cutting through the space between them, indicating Hannibal's lowered guard. Yet, there comes no remorse, nor any poetic topic starters. Hannibal merely waits, gifting Will control in lieu of an apology for boundary violations.

"I should hate you," Will rasps.

"You should."

It's a near whisper—intimate—against the shell of Will's ear. A simultaneous taunt and honest insistence. Conveying all that Will's been fleeing from since the start of their turbulent relationship. Something even Alana deluded herself into believing to be a figment of her imagination, and Jack to foolishly dismiss.

Rolling swiftly, despite the crippling lethargy, Will straddles Hannibal's hips. His hand clutching the beast's throat, squeezing until Hannibal's lips part on a choked sound. A small grin teasing the corners of his mouth as his fantasies transition to reality before him. Darkness bleeding from the wounds where Hannibal's mutual desires have clawed into his flesh, begging him to continue.

"I don't want to kill you anymore, Dr. Lecter. Not now that I find you interesting."

Will relinquishes him. Heaving in time with Hannibal's desperate breaths. The man's chest rising and falling sharply beneath him, prompting him to place a palm upon it in reverence. A beast's heart pounding against it in supplication.

Hannibal bucks upwards, dislodging his position and flipping him with speed Will's merely witnessed in empathetic reconstructions. Noting the rushing blur of the wooden cabinets and metal ceiling lights before he's pinned under the weight of a seasoned predator settling atop. Trapping one of Will's legs between his knees and seizing his throat in a crushing hold.

"I surrendered myself to Uncle Jack," Hannibal pants from the exertion, "to watch you run."

"I…" Will chokes out, "also watched…you run."

He catches the glint of deeper comprehension in Hannibal's eyes.

"Tell me, dear Will. Would you ever say to me: 'Stop. If you love me, you'd stop.'"

“Not,” he pulls futilely at Hannibal’s wrist, “in a thousand years.”

Lips curling into a feral smile, Hannibal parrots, “Not in a thousand years.” Leaning within centimeters of Will’s mouth, he whispers fondly, “That’s my boy.”

Moving his hand to dig painfully into the back of Hannibal’s hair, he forces the space between them to diminish as Hannibal releases his throat. Will sensing his relish as he gasps in a desperate lungful of air against the man’s lips. Only permitted a second before he’s assaulted by teeth; biting into the flesh of his bottom lip to coerce his mouth to welcome a dominating tongue.

Deciding to even the score, Will clamps down with his teeth until the taste of blood teases his palate, eliciting a startled, pained sound from Hannibal. The thrill of it causing Will’s cock to twitch, and his hips to rise in search of friction; rutting against Hannibal’s thigh.

The pain doesn’t deter Hannibal, who gladly continues to plunge deeper with a low growl. Allowing Will to indulge the coppery taste of satisfaction before he wrenches away with a lustful cry; Hannibal’s hand striking gold as it slides beneath the rim of his pants, grasping his length in a firm grip.

“Beautiful,” he remarks, pulling Will free of the confining clothing. Hannibal eases into a steady rhythm, long strokes that fill Will’s cock and draws forth a weak moan. Captivated by Hannibal’s unwavering stare inches away, cataloging Will’s reactions with a carnal hunger he reciprocates. Shutting his eyes as he arches into Hannibal’s hand, which rewards him with a twist towards the head.

The sensation distracts Will from the predator’s teeth long enough to give him a start at the sharp, burning pain at the juncture of his neck.

“*Fuck*,” Will hisses. The base of his cock tingling as he jerkily thrusts his hips. Feeling an echoing rut from Hannibal against his thigh as the bite deepens, desiring to claim.

Will tugs the hair until Hannibal has little choice but to obey; guiding him until he’s flat on his back in submission. His legs trembling as he straddles Hannibal’s shoulders, making quick work of the buttoning of his pants to grant full access. Hannibal patient and pliant beneath him.

“Open,” Will commands, hooking his fingers over the beast’s teeth to pry Hannibal’s mouth. Replacing them with the tip of his cock and inhaling sharply as he slowly sheaths himself inside. And groaning when Hannibal adds suction on his gradual slide out.

The tingling in his cock increases in intensity as he sets a brutal pace. His hips gripped encouragingly, pulling him deeper. Each thrust into the heat and slick building the pleasure until it edges on painful; Will’s hand fisting in Hannibal’s hair once more as he rides the cusp, his rhythm stuttering.

A tease of teeth grazing his length to a spot beneath the head has Will jerking forward one final time. Crying Hannibal’s name as he violently releases at the back of the beast’s throat, shuddering through the waves of pleasure.

*“But do you...*ache*...for him?”*

Will considers it silently, the crumbling fort in his mind cracking at the base. “Yes.”

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